

THE INSIDE - OUTLOOK



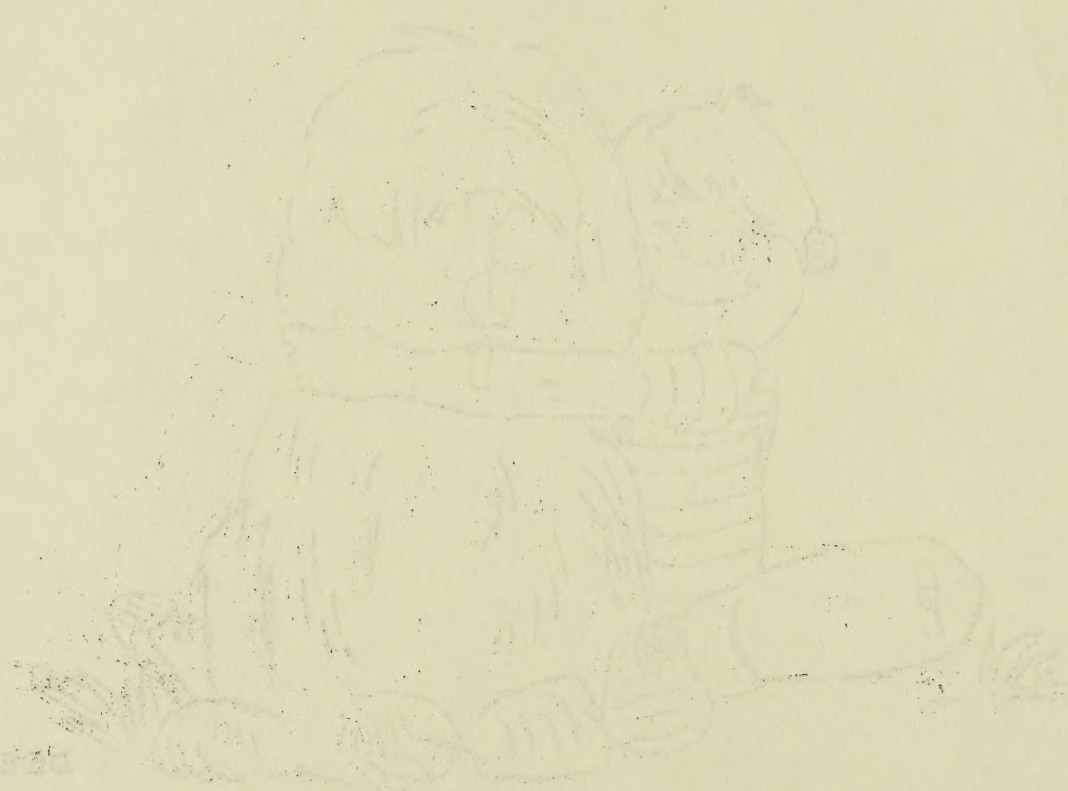
JUNE 1975

VOL. 3 No. 3.

BRAMPTON, CANADA.

THE

HOME - OUTLOOK



June 1902

Vol. 2, No. 3

BOSTON, CANADA

M*A*S*T*H*E*A*D*

Invictus

Terry G.
Roscanne W.
Tracey S.

Kon-Tiki

Bette B.
Sue H.

Hochelega

Florence B.
Debbie T.
Barb S.
Casi A.

Ingleside

Tracey W.
Vicki J.
Wilma M^c.

Staff Auditors

Cherlyn W.
Terry A.
Mrs. E. Lum

WITH SPECIAL THANKS AND HUGS TO
BERNICE LEVER, OUR VOLUNTEER WRITING
CONSULTANT, FOR HER WITH AND FOR OUR
PAPER GROUP

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stration.

The newspaper reserves the right to accept
or reject any article submitted.

*I*N*D*E*X*

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"EDITORIAL"

If I had been asked a few years ago to write an article on our theme for the month, "Happiness", I would have been in serious trouble. At that time happiness was something I had read about quite often in books that were mailed to me wrapped in plain brown paper. When I was a kid, the gang and I used to whisper happiness to each other and laugh like crazy because to us it was the closest thing to a dirty joke we could find.

At one time I probably would have said, "Happiness is taking afix," or "Happiness is getting out of jail," or "Happiness is hearing that a prison guard or policeman had been hurt or killed." I must say, number two still stands on my "Happiness is" list and number three only come close to getting back on when I think of some people who are no longer alive because of the police brutality that existed, does exist and unfortunately will always exist. Oddly enough, I believe strongly that no man has the right to take another life for any reason.

I've added quite a few more things to my list since the days when fear, hate, and ignorance monopolized most of my vocabulary.

Before I go any farther, I want to mention one of my main two reasons for being happy right now and that is people. Only through other people do we ever find out about ourselves and when those people care about you it makes self-realization so much easier to bear than your in a self-imposed mental prison alone. I won't name all the people responsible for helping me find myself, but that doesn't mean they will never know because I believe I have given my thanks in very important ways. If there is anyone reading this who thinks they can make it alone please believe that you can save your-self a lot of suffering by burying that delusion right now. You can also bury the one that tells you asking for help is a weakness. Some of the strongest and most human people in the world get that way by first admitting that they did not have all the answer. An open mind can let in some pretty wonderful things sometimes.

My second reason for being happy is summed up in my latest poem. Being able to say "I'm me and being satisfied with that has got to be one of the most beautiful feelings in the world. I don't mean satisfied to the extent that I'll get smug and decide to stop growing, I just mean satisfied with the person I am trying to be, one who knows she will never hurt herself or anyone else again.

Here is my poem,

"I'm Me, You Know"

I'm me, you know,

The one who laughs
to stay alive

The one whose soul
will always strive

for what this world
will sometimes give
to anyone who
cares to live.

I'm me.

I'm me, you know.

The one who loves
as best she can
who wants to share
with fellow man
the answers found
along the way
to tell them life
is sometimes grey.

I'm me.

I'm me, you know.

The one who's looked
death in the face
and told it
find some other place
I have a lot
that's left undone
I've learned a lesson
from the sun.

I'm me.

I'm me, you know.

The one who dreams
of better things
a world where flies
don't lose their wings
Where butterflies
aren't stuck on pins
And every face
is dressed in grins.

I'm me.

I'm me, you know.

The person fighting
for a chance
to stick around
'til cripples dance
and blind men see
the love that's born
on Easter Day
and Christman morn.

I'm me.

I'm me, you know.

The one who smiles
and knows it's real
The one who screams,
"It's great to feel!"
The one who's found
a place to stand
on solid ground
instead of sand.

I'm me, you know. I'm me.

So on that note I will close by saying that I wish happiness for every one of you. If you can't see any in your world right now, then move over and let someone in to help you find it.

'Bye for now.

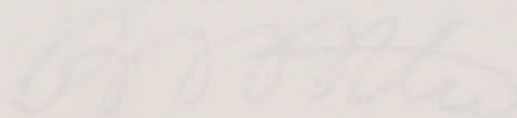
Vicki J.

During the past year, as Minister of Correctional Services, I hope I have been able to help those who have the opportunity to benefit from the various programs in our institutions and to help them to find the dedicated team of people in our staff who are implementing these programs to the best of their ability.

To sum up, I would say that happiness is not a "thing" which is "given" to us, but it is a state of mind which is created by ourselves. I feel it is needed.

Yours sincerely,

A. J. Latta, M.P.



I'm me, you know.
The one who smiles
and knows it's real.
The one who screams,
"It's great to feel!"
The one who's found
a place to stand
on solid ground
instead of sand.
Well, I'm me, you know, I'm me.
So on that note I will close by saying that I wish happiness for
every one of you. If you can't see any in your world right now,
then move over and let someone in to help you find it.
Bye for now.

Vicki J.

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May 26, 1975

The Editors,
The Vanier Centre Newspaper,
Vanier Centre for Women,
Box 1150,
Brampton, Ontario

Dear Editors:

I am pleased to respond to your invitation to contribute to your issue on the theme of "happiness".

Happiness for me is the opportunity to help others. For many years before becoming a Member of the Provincial Legislature, I was a general practitioner, and there are few jobs more rewarding in this world.

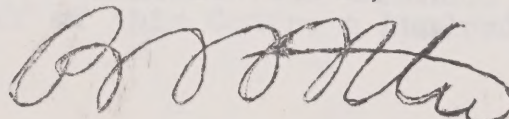
During the several years that I have been a Member of Provincial Parliament, and especially in the latter years as a Cabinet Minister, it has given me a great deal of pleasure to know that I have had a part in shaping the laws that will help all the people of Ontario; laws that in many cases have eased the burdens of a great many people, and in all cases, were implemented to make this province a better place in which to live.

During the past year as Minister of Correctional Services, I hope I have been able to help those who have the opportunity to benefit from the various programs in our Correctional Institutions and the rehabilitative care they are receiving there; as well as the dedicated team of people on our staff who are implementing these programs to the best of their ability.

To sum up, I would say that happiness to me means "people" rather than "things" - and making the most of my abilities to render assistance wherever I feel it is needed.

Yours sincerely,

R. T. Potter, M.D.



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May 26, 1975

May 13, 1975

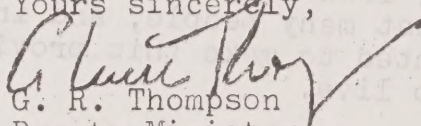
The Editor
Inside Outlook
Vanier Centre for Women
BRAMPTON, Ontario

Dear Editor,

Though we all in our lifetime experience a great many happy as well as despairing moments, some of the causes for our pleasant moments keep recurring.

As I am sure you would guess, it continues to be a real pleasure for me to hear from time to time of the continuing successes of residents from the Vanier Centre program; the result of much effort by residents working with a fine staff.

Yours sincerely,


G. R. Thompson
Deputy Minister

GRT:ml

TO: Inside-Outlook

FROM: B. J. Doyle, Superintendent, Vanier Centre

SUBJECT: A Happy Incident

Newspapers generally seem to be devoted to sad, tragic or negative kinds of things and therefore I feel that Editors and Staff of the Inside-Outlook should be commended on their refreshing idea to devote an entire issue to the theme of "Happiness". This is certainly a most positive outlook from the inside.

I would like to share a "happy incident". In many cases, happy incidents often begin as sad, angry, or embarrassing incidents. This incident is no exception. The happiness that usually results from a situation that begins otherwise is, in my experience anyway, greater than situations that you expect to be happy and that begin in a happy sort of way.

The particular incident that I am thinking about happened to me shortly after I commenced my duties at Vanier. At the time we had a concern about some items of contraband within the Institution. I decided to share the concern with the Residents' Committee. We discussed the items in question and I could see that the Residents and some staff members were not buying what was suspected and yet they were not coming out directly and saying why, which is usually the case. The meeting adjourned at the usual time, but I was left with the feeling that this matter was unfinished even though residents for some reason, unknown to me at the time, were not pushing for closure.

After the meeting, upon closer examination, I realized, much to my embarrassment, the mistake in identifying the objects in question. (If you are wondering about the objects, I suggest you question people who were present at the meeting). I hesitated in reconvening the Committee, but realized that the sooner one faces the music the better. I anticipated a lot of negativity as a result of this error. Much to my surprise and "Happiness" I felt the reverse was true. Little was said after I explained my goof and apologized but much was felt in the room at the time. I felt a lot of understanding, good humour and warmth.

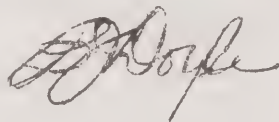
I could relate many other incidents that have brought me much happiness since coming to the Vanier Centre. I chose this one, however, because I doubt very much whether I will ever forget it. It reinforced and enhanced my faith in the residents and staff of this Centre a hundred fold.

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When I think of Vanier and the great human potential we have here, I think of a quote from "Dune" by Frank Herbert;

"There's an internally recognized beauty of motion and balance on any man-healthy planet. You see in this beauty a dynamic stabilizing effect essential to life. Its aim is simple: To maintain and produce co-ordinated patterns of greater and greater diversity. Life improves the closed system's capacity to sustain life. Life - all life - is in the service of life. Necessary nutrients are made available to life by life in greater and greater richness as the diversity of life increases. The entire landscape comes alive, filled with relationships and relationships within relationships.".....

...so I see "Happiness" - and Vanier - and any other place in life where human persons gather and take the time to look at life, enjoy it, respect it, for what it is, and work together to make it more meaningful and "Happy".



B. J. Doyle
Superintendent

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Vanier Centre,
Brampton, Ontario,
April 25, 1975.

Mr. D. W. F. Coughlan, Chairman,
Ontario Parole Board,
Parliament Buildings,
Queen's Park, Toronto.

Dear Sir:

Most residents in penal institutions need verification that people who control our immediate destiny can be humane as well as custodial.

Submitting an article to our newspaper would help very much to bring this to light.

The theme is Happiness,

So be Happy,
and

Write Happy.

We'd appreciate it.

Thank you,

Vicki J.

Ontario Board of Parole,
May 12, 1975.

Dear Mr. Doyle:

Attached you will find a copy of a letter I have received from an inmate. As she has not given her full name, it is almost impossible for me to address her. You will, no doubt, know who she is and I will appreciate you passing the following message:

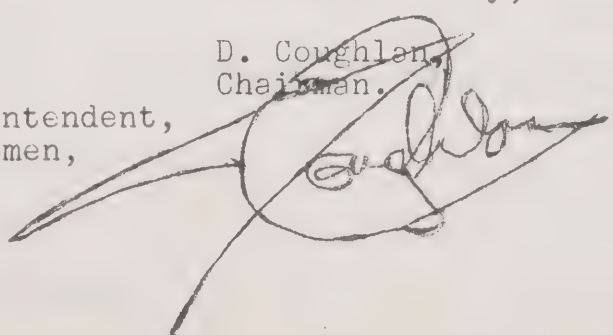
I would like very much to comply, but at this juncture in the history of the Parole Board, it is impossible to find time to do a thorough job on this matter. Perhaps I will be able to oblige at a later date.

I remember my paternal Irish grandmother telling me that the trouble with human nature was that some people have less of it than others have. I strive mightily to keep myself within the category of the "others".

Yours sincerely,

D. Coughlan,
Chairman.

Mr. B. Doyle, Superintendent,
Vanier Centre for Women,
Brampton, Ontario.



COMPLEX HAPPENINGS.

Happiness is Many Things.....But the Best Happiness is.....

...Bothering someone with a tray of eggs in your hands	Sue H.
...Having a live-in basketball	Joy A.
...Having my feather	Sue H.
...Having lots of friends	Linda C.
...To roast hell	Terry G.
...Wearing my brown hat	Billie M.
...Eating	Debbie C.
...Looking for a job, getting a work T.A. and not being able to go	Vicki J.
...Going out the right door in a bank	Rita H.
...Eliminating the parole board before they eliminate you	Darryl W.
...Getting a visit	Sherry.
...Making an old man feel young	Rita H.
...Being content	Mr. Busshoff
...Seeing your name on a pass and not on a warrant	Bette B.
...Feeling comfortable in the gut about what I'm doing	Pete Callin
...Helping someone in need	Jake.
...Being honest	Bette B.
...Being there when you need me	Jake.
...Being needed	Bette B.
...Feeling good in spite of everything	Bette B. Heather S.

COMPLEX HAPPENINGS (cont')

...Doing good things for someone	Bette B.
...Buying a bunny rabbit for an ex-girlfriend for a last fling	Terry A.
...Sleeping	Dave. M.
...Making out with the one you love	Marie Mac.
...Stealing food from the kitchen	Lee Mac.
...Having a friend by being a friend	Vicki J.
...Loving you to the end	Jake
...Being a dog rep.	Bette B.
...Getting mail from a friend who cares	Bette B.
...Being free in thought	Bette B.
...Loving a friend	Vicki J.
...Is people caring	Bette B.
...Knowing someone cares	Jake
...Knowing you are happy	Vicki J.
...Understanding each other	From the Newspaper Group
...Getting up in the morning and knowing you're there	"
...Seeing a friend go home	"
...Finding new friends	"
...Making someone else happy	"
...Sharing	"
...Feeling cared about	"
...Free speech	"
...Knowing that you're loved	"
...Feeling loved	"
...Making someone else happy	"
...Saving something good to someone	"

(10)

Oh, oh....

I've been thinking of what kind of article I could write for this edition of the newspaper. This morning, as I sat in the common room having a coffee, an interesting topic was being discussed from the night before.

There was myself, sitting on the can really going at it, when I hear this commotion outside the locked door. Obviously, I couldn't hurry my insides fast enough and before I knew it my curtains flew open with an inmates face peering in saying goodnight. Whatever was happening underneath came to a stand-still and all I could do was grin and wave. As I continued my activities and was in the process of finishing my task, the curtain opened again. Another resident saw my face above the iron door, but continued pretending she didn't.

You see, the staff had a hard time stopping the running residents from going up and down the corridors wishing everyone pleasant dreams. What a dilemma, but then again its quite interesting to look at the "Oh, I'm sorry" and "excuse me" and "oh ?#!*" looks.

How many times have you walked into someone's room and they were sitting THERE? "Well uh....." "Come on in, I'll be done in a minute." You stand there, quite embarrassed about what the other one is doing, try to state your business and leave. Finally you hear the paper rattle, and relief is expressed on both faces..

Or you see someone you don't know well with their door wide open peering over the bar with their pants around their ankles... How interesting when you happen to walk by. It's just sort of a side glance between the two with nothing said, but still knowing.

What most first offenders find distasteful is having to shower or piddle in front of everyone else. They come running out with a towel draped around their privates, trying to select a spot where the least amount of eyes look. Meanwhile, if you're already there, you're gonna steal a peek anyway. After all, everybody else did it when you came in. Those holding cells can do wonders on shyness.

Well don't forget that those two places control your body.. Would you rather have it coming out of the same place it went in? It's a good thing that they brought washrooms inside, otherwise all we'd do is complain about the cold or....er....ah....flies!

Submitted by

Sue H.

A LETTER.

Just a few lines to let you know that I'm alive. I am writing this letter slowly because I know you can't read fast. You won't know the house when you come home--we've moved.

It was a lot of trouble moving, the most difficult thing was the bed, you see the cabbie wouldn't let us put it in the taxi, it wouldn't have been too bad if your Father hadn't been sleeping in it at the time.

About your Father, he has a wonderful new job, 500 men and women under him, he's cutting the grass at the cemetery.

Your sister got engaged to the fellow she's been out with once, he gave her a pretty ring with only four stones missing.

Our new neighbors the Brown's started to keep pigs, we got wind of it this morning.

I also got my appendix out and a new dishwasher put in.

There was a washing machine in the new house when we moved in but it isn't working too good, last week I put in four shirts and pulled the chain and I haven't seen them since.

Your little brother came home from school yesterday crying, all the new boys in his class had on new suits, we can't afford to buy him a new suit so we're going to buy him a new hat and let him look out the window.

Your Uncle Dick was drowned last week in a vat of whiskey in a Dublin brewery; four of his workmates dived in to save him but he bravely fought them off. We cremated his body and it took 3 days to put out the fire.

Kate is now working in a factory in Birmingham, she's been there now for six weeks. I'm sending her some clean clothes as she says she's been in the same shift since she started.

Your Father didn't have much to drink at Christmas; I put a bottle of castor oil in his beer and it kept him going until New Year.

I went to the Doctor the other day, your Father came with me. The Doctor put a small glass tube in my mouth and told me not to open it for 10 minutes, your Father offered to buy it from him.

It only rained twice last week, first for three days and then for four days.

Jack A.

(12)

Monday it was so windy that one of the chickens laid the same egg four times.

We had a letter yesterday from the undertaker; he said if the last installment isn't paid on your Grandfather within seven days, then up he comes.

I must close now as the plumber is coming to fix the pipes and there's a shocking smell.

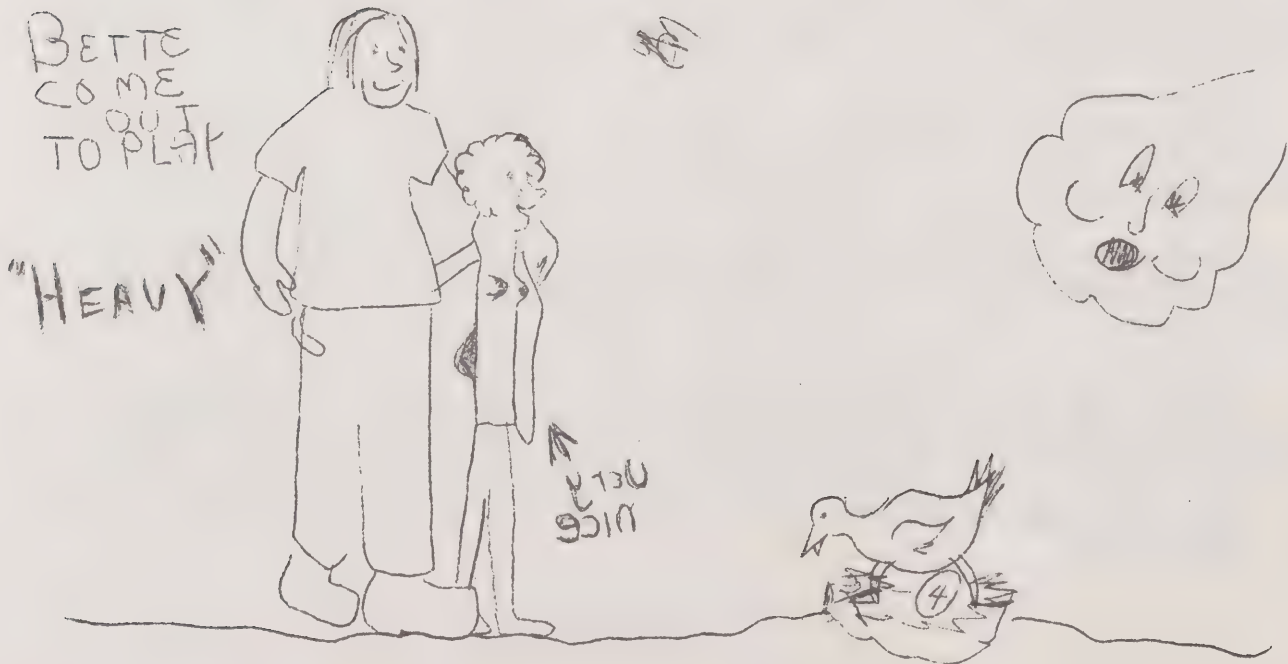
Lots of Love,

YOUR MOTHER.

P.S. I would have enclosed \$20.00 but the envelope was sealed.

Submitted by

Barb. S. & Casi. A.



WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A DRUG ADDICT

When I was sixteen, I was serving a one-year sentence in the Mercer Reformatory at 1155 King Street, Toronto. At this time, I started using drugs (heroin), and this started me on a downward pace, and led me into bigger crimes, in order to support a heavy "H" habit. It also led me into many months and years in jail. It led me from the reformatory to the Kingston Pen. I was soon to find myself in many different situations. These crimes included prostitution, bawdy house charges, theft, to **TRAFFICKING IN HEROIN**.

I thought at the time that I was happy, but now I know that this was not happiness; it was a sickness, and, after a few months, a mental sickness. Oh, yea, you're living in a world at the time you're doing drugs, where no one can reach you and you don't care whether people can reach you or not. You agree at the time they're right and make all kinds of promises to kick the habit, and just hope they will stop preaching at you and leave you alone, because they are constantly talking to you about what you're doing to your life.

All you can say to yourself is, "Will they ever leave so I can do another fix?" You think you're going to die. They finally leave after they've practically made you promise you'll go to a hospital and seek some kind of help. You tell yourself, "After this fix, I'll go and see what this is all about." Then you take a fix (which can be four caps at a time, sometimes even more), and there is no other world or no one or nothing that matters. All these promises are forgotten and there is only one world and that's your world.

Then all the lights go out and and you find another world. The RCMP have got you! And you ask yourself, "Why didn't I do something about kicking my habit, when my mother and father wanted me to?" You lie in the Don with nothing, and, for the first three or four days, you want to die; then someone bails you out and once again you're back to the needle and the only worry you have is your court case, but you put that in the back of your drugged mind, and it's forgotten for awhile. This happens for years; then the time comes when you think, "There's got to be something better in life---and, without knowing how to find it, it's there. So you try for a couple of years, and you really like this new way of living. There's still something that draws you back to the needle, and after that first fix, you don't care anymore. So you throw away your other life for a little white capsule which gets you more time in jail. Once again, you're on your way to the Pen, and you're telling yourself--Who really cares? You don't realize that it's YOU who doesn't care. It took me years to find that people really care, and still I keep wondering why they do. I am afraid to question why, so I've come to accept that **PEOPLE DO CARE**.

What it means to be a drug addict--HELL, LONELINESS AND FEAR!

by Bette B.

(14)

GOOD-BYE TO VANIER

The time has come when I can walk out of Vanier a free person. I can honestly say that the four months I've been here have been beneficial to me in many different ways. First of all, I have met a great group of people. Secondly, I've made a lot of friends and their friendship will never be forgotten, but cherished always. I have also gotten to know more about myself as a person, things that will help me a lot in the future. The hardest part about leaving Vanier is the possibility of never again seeing any of the people I have come to know and respect during my stay here. I wish I could have met a lot of them under different circumstances. I really don't know how to thank you for the kindness and understanding you have shown me. I just know that I'll be grateful to all of you for many years to come. I also hope that other women can learn as much and benefit from it as I have. I am not the type of person to say good-bye, so instead I'll just say - Till we meet again. I wish each and everyone of you Good Luck in the future, and may the long time sun shine upon you and guide your way home.

A special thanks to the staff, residents of Hochi and also to Terry A. for being so patient.

God Bless you all
Thanks again

Florence B.

SO LONG, MY FRIENDS.

Hi; I used to watch other girls leave and although I was very happy for them, at the same time I envied them.

So now after 11 months I can hardly believe it's my turn.

I am afraid and filled with panic at times, in my mind I am thinking what every girl who leaves here probably thinks, questions like, what's out there for me? Will I make it this time?

I want to make it out there this time and the changes I have made here will surely help.

I would like to thank the people who were encouraging and patient with me while the changes took place, so thank you, everyone, for I had help from you all.

I have enjoyed all the friendships that I have made here and I am a little sad at the thought of leaving.

I haven't any great words of wisdom to offer you but I encourage everyone to take everything they have to offer here. May your time work for you towards your goal.

I hope I see all of you on the street and wish you much love and happiness, so until then,

So long my friends,
ROSEANN W.



WHEN I
THINK
OF YOU

I GET NAUGHTY
THOUGHTS

DEBBIE C.

What Happiness Means To Me

Happiness is a word with many different meanings and many people mistake it in many different ways.

Happiness is a beautiful word and best of all a beautiful feeling. I have found happiness in many forms. I found it in freedom and in love, but most of all, I found great happiness in being me. I also found it by doing little things for people less fortunate than myself.

Happiness means to me being true to myself and loyal to a friend. People have many fairweather friends and a few have maybe two or three true friends. My happiness is if I have one true friend and know that I have one, one that I can confide in, trust and love. My happiness in knowing I'm trusted and I am sure I can make just one person comfortable by being there to share their problems. I've really had a lot of happiness in my life. Some may find it hard to believe that I could find happiness in some of the situations I have been in, but remember, friends happiness comes in all forms and colours.

At times I've really been at a low peak then the phone rings and a friendly voice comes from miles away and the sound of that voice really puts the sunlight back in my life and makes me forget why I was so low.

Just having cared enough to phone from Los Angeles was like getting a dozen red roses and the happiness of knowing the person cared is more than I can put down on a piece of paper. Happiness is love and caring for him, that's great happiness for me.

Happiness is people remembering and sharing a smile or a friendly hello.

To me happiness is found in a great many places. I could name a number of places where I've found happiness; in winter, spring, summer and fall.

Many people search for happiness in money, but money doesn't buy happiness, neither can drugs, you've got to find happiness in yourself, then you're able to pass it on to someone else.

by Bette B.

Mother's Day

Once a year, this day rolls around and everyone wonders how to express what they didn't the other 364 days.

Of course, not everyone has a mother, but somewhere along your travels, there is the image of one, whether it is a grandmother, sister or a friend. There is always someone you look up to, who understands and loves you in that special way.

First of all, remember that mother bore us those nine long months and since we are alive and well, we should be thankful for life itself. During those early years, we were guided along, fed, comforted, disciplined, loved, sheltered, etc.

Mother will always be there beside you, no matter what goes wrong. She does those little things that mean so much, even if they don't mean anything at the time. Even your best friend couldn't replace what mother has to offer you.

I often think of mother, when I was yet small, how she took me to church every Sunday and introduced me to Religion. Probably all those silent prayers were for me to be a good girl.

It must have taken a lot of patience for mother to wash our clothes by hand and cook gigantic meals on that wooden stove.

Those gentle kisses and loving pats showered upon us was a great amount of love.

Being incarcerated this year on Mother's Day, I wrote a poem and fashioned a card for her special day.

So let's all jump up, kick our heels and remember that person, who'll never forget about us. Let's think of everything she's ever done and be thankful there is always a mother who shares, understands and above all, cares.

Thank you, mother, for letting me just be me!

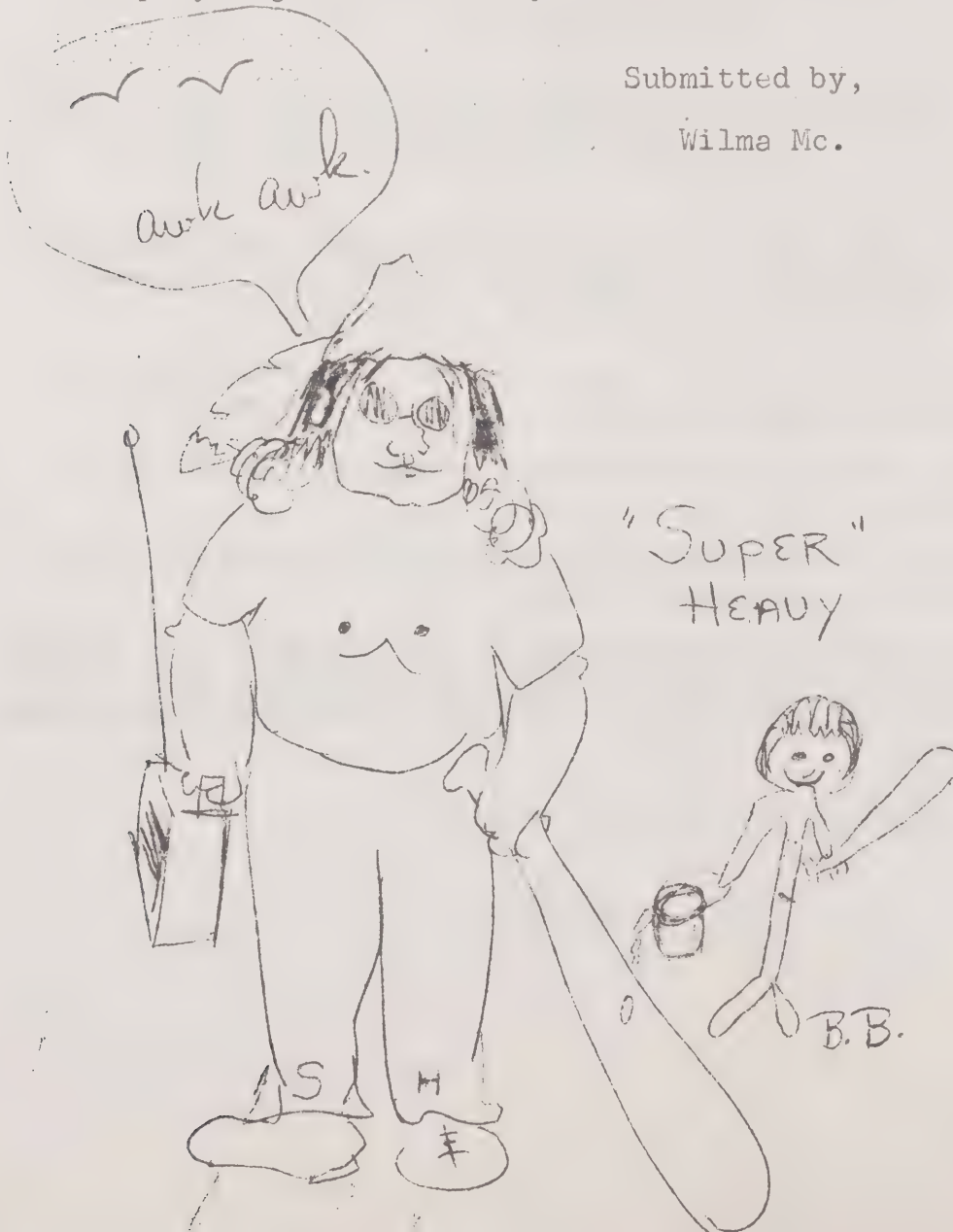
By Sue H.

The Indian Group for native women in Vanier is available to every native woman on the complex. It's easy to join - just ask your C.O. about it and tell her you're interested. The next thing you know, you're in the group. We are always pleased to see newcomers in our group. Mrs. Henderson is our staff in the Indian Group. She's a very charming lady. When you come to our group, you feel at ease, relaxed, and you know we're all the same and all together.

We do a lot of interesting things in the Indian Group. We cook, bake, do beadwork, Leather work and sometimes we have a visitor to come in and talk to us. We are hoping to get a T.A.P. in June to go to a Pow-Wow in Niagara Falls. This would be really nice. We have conversations about our people from past to present. We are hoping to display our work in handicrafts in front of the Activities Building in the future. So we hope you join and make yourself at home in our Group.

Submitted by,

Wilma Mc.



THE OLD AND THE NEW

THE OLD - Mercer Reformatory, the most feared and hated institution and the only one for female offenders. An old dilapidated stone structure, oak railings on the staircase and bars, lots of bars.

Discipline was strict, sometimes even cruel, where all decisions were made by staff and carried out to the letter.

Bunny suits were in fashion then for medicals, truly degrading to say the least and sick call was called as SEX Call.

It may have taken time to build the Mercer, but it surely came down in a hurry, hopefully the Mercer ghost will now rest in peace.

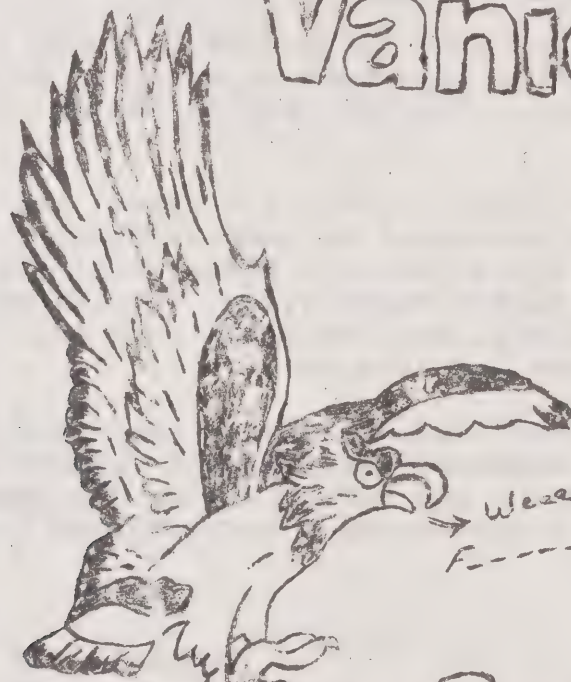
THE NEW - Vanier Centre for Women, the most modern structure conceived by some architect, no oak and no bars, cottages that are clean, comfortable and where you feel like a human being. Decisions are not only made by staff, but residents have their say and most of all, are listened to.

Responsibility is very prominent on the complex, why not, responsibility begins with ones self and from learning and understanding its meaning here at Vanier, it can become a very helpful tool on the outside.

Submitted by

Anna O'Co.

We've finally
found something
in common with
bargain flights
at Vanier



→ Weeee! feel that
F----- Breeze!?

and "Low fares"

By: M. Mac

(20)

VANIER

(21)

STAFF

DAVE MORGAN PRESENTS:

Not too long ago I read this piece in a magazine
and although happiness means a lot of different things
to us all, I think there are overriding things that make
us all get that warm feeling of happiness.

I ran away
but there was no place to go,
I looked for a friend
but there was no one near.

SO

I climbed a tree and looked around,
there was nothing to see,
Because all was abandoned and lonely,
I wanted to stay invisible in my tree
forever, but still
I needed to be with someone because I was afraid,
of the aloneness I felt.

SO

I began to climb down from the sheltering tree,
but could find no one to help me descend,
I started to cry, but could summon no tears,
There was only that sadness I could not explain,
I found myself shrouded in a sense of emptiness
and futility that made me want to flyout of
my hiding place
out into space
and disappear forever.

To me happiness is having a close friend.

Dave Morgan.

NEW BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY

Caril Fugate is the subject of a biography whose title is "Caril", co-authored by Ninette Beaver, B.K. Ripley and Patrick Trese. Caril's case has been well documented as well as fictionalized, and this book gives it appropriate chronological perspective. At the age of 14, she received a life sentence by the state of Nebraska. Now past 30, she has virtually grown up within the confines of the prison system. Caril, it may be recalled, was a co-defendant with Starkweather who was convicted and sent to the chair for the slaying of eleven persons, including three members of Caril's family. It has always been her intention that her role in the killings was non-participant. N.B.C. documented her life story in a well-publicized T.V. special and a recent film, "Badlands" was loosely based on the Starkweather Fugate case. Caril's recent years have been spent working with community and church groups on work release programs and leading citizens have petitioned for her parole.

Ron Kurz is a former Maryland correction officer who has authored "Lethal Gas", a novel loosely based experience as a prison guard. Kurz' book takes a sardonic look at the prison system and has been described as the "Catch 22" of key lock crowd. While in the Maryland system, he worked at four institutions, the Maryland Penitentiary, the Training School for Boys, the House of Corrections and the Reception Diagnostic and Classification Center. In the back-of-the-book's autobiographical blurb, Kurz states "Lethal Gas" may appear to be highly exaggerated in its view of Prisons, but, unfortunately it isn't. Ron Kurz is working as a theatre manager, writing as the picture plays. The convict writers have gotten a head start of correction officers, but "Lethal Gas and The Rap" means that the writers are seeking equal time. Interesting enough, the corrections people are as rough on the system as the prisoners.

Submitted by
Sharon L.

FEAR

Realizing that fear drains a man's energy and depletes his resources, Emerson wrote, "He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear." But that does not mean to suggest that we should seek to eliminate fear altogether from human life. Were this humanly possible, it would be practically undesirable. Normal fear protects; abnormal fear paralyzes. Normal fear motivates us to improve our individual and collective lives. Our problem is not to be rid of fear but rather to harness and master it. How may it be mastered?

FIRST: By looking squarely and honestly at our fears, we learn that many of them are residues of some childhood need or apprehension. A person haunted by a fear of death or the thought of punishment in the afterlife discovers that he has unconsciously projected into the whole of reality the childhood experience of being punished by parents, locked in a room, and seemingly deserted. Or a man plagued by the fear of inferiority and social rejection discovers that rejection in childhood by a self-centered mother and a pre-occupied father left him with a self-defeating sense of inadequacy and a repressed bitterness toward life. By bringing our fears to the forefront of consciousness, we may find them to be more imaginary than real.

SECOND: We can master fear through one of the supreme virtues known to man: courage. The determination not to be overwhelmed by any object, however frightful, enables us to stand up to any fear. Courage faces fear and thereby masters; cowardice represses fear and is thereby mastered by it. Courageous men never lose the zest for living even though their life situation is zestless; cowardly men, overwhelmed men, overwhelmed by the uncertainties of life, lose the will to live. We must constantly build dikes of courage to hold back the flood of fear.

THIRD: Fear is mastered through love. The New Testament affirms, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear."

from Readers Digest
Submitted by Mrs. Porter

We Learn
We Play
We Teach
We Reassure
We Listen
We Console
We Smile
We Touch
We Give - - - - - Because we care!

Mrs. Porter

Here is a verse from a song that a friend of mine has been singing since she was a girl. She comes from Scotland and says her parents used to sing this song:

Don't let us be strangers
as long as we are together
Friends we'll be,
If you'll agree
'Tis far the better plan.
Life is very short,
so let us all endeavour
to be as good and kind
to one another as we can.

Nice words, don't you agree?

Joe Laing.

HAPPINESS IS

Someone to care for you, who accepts you as you are, faults and personal characteristics, who tells you how wonderful you are, when you know you aren't being as nice as possible. A word of praise, a hug, letting you "get it out of your system", when you are angry. Sharing those private dreams and hopes, encouraging helping, showing in the little things they do, that love is there, even if the person isn't. Happiness is, "Caring", in every possible way.

F. L. IVES

YOU CREEPS

The original thought behind this article developed at a newspaper group meeting a couple of months ago when things were not going well. It had been a frustrating morning. Bette B. and myself were putting our heads together trying to get some ideas about how we could improve the quality of the Inside Outlook which we felt had deteriorated over the last few issues. I was complaining that for a place that emphasizes involvement, very little was actually taking place when it came to our newspaper. I felt that both staff and residents were at fault and at that meeting I didn't have very nice things to say about either group. To me, you were all CREEPS shirking your responsibility! At that time I swore that I would make my feelings known in this issue and promised an article that would shake everyone out of their cocoons.

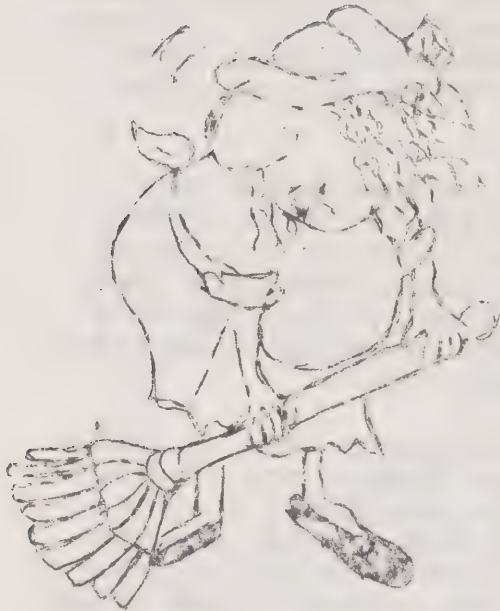
Well, time-as you know-can be a great mellow, and over the last weeks my anger has subsided. I think the main reason for my changing attitude is that this issue seems to be a total resident and staff effort, rather than the usual newspaper group effort. It is extremely uplifting to see greater participation and more concern that our newspaper consists of thought provoking and enterprising articles instead of bland material.

The Inside Outlook is, after all, a newspaper that is available to every resident and all staff at the Vanier, and it finds its way to other institutions and to people and places on the street. The paper deserves more attention than it has received in the recent months. It shouldn't be the token effort of prison journalism that it sometimes tends to be, but rather a loud voice of all within the Vanier Complex. With the existence of our newspaper lies the opportunity for everyone here to exchange ideas express thoughts and feelings and voice any concerns. Our paper is too valuable to let die and this was my worry until this paper came along. I think now that there is hope for continuing a newspaper that raise the odd eyebrow and bring laughter. I see potential for this every day in the faces of the people I work with at Vanier. But it will mean continued participation from everyone here.

The next issue of the Inside Outlook will be presented to the members of the United Congress on Corrections. The pages of our newspaper will find their way to all corners of the globe. I'm optimistic that the newspaper group will get the support they need in putting together the finest edition ever seen in this institution.

Terry Angle

Happiness



* T H E F U N N I E S *

There were just three things a now-divorced lady told me, that her former husband thought she ought to do to prove to him she really loved him: One, make fresh orange juice for breakfast. Two, check his shirts for missing buttons. And three, give up thinking that foreplay was necessary!

In my day, when a girl fell in love, her mother ardently hoped it would be with a boy of the same race, colour and creed. But nowadays, when a girl falls in love, her mother only hopes it will be with a boy.

Love is what makes it better to be a human being than a park bench.

Submitted by
Faye F.

A Las Vegas showgirl, obviously headed for the heights, has forsworn gold in favour of bowling. "It's cheaper," she explains. "Last night, for instance, I bowled for three hours and didn't lose a single ball."

Bennett Cerf
Submitted by:
Florence B.

A girl got a job wrestling octopi at a state fair last summer. She was good at it too. She got her training, she says, going to a drive-in movie with a different fellow every evening, during the spring.

Bennett Cerf
Submitted by:
Florence B.

VOLUNTEERS AT VANIER

A volunteer is somebody who does something for somebody else for free. Most of us are volunteers sometime. Everyone has helped a friend without getting paid for it. Perhaps you have kept an eye on a friend's kids while they were out dancing, or you are keen on traveling or nice cooking and have helped someone else to get interested in these things. In today's society, which emphasizes money so much, isn't it nice to know that there can be some alternatives, like exchanging skills with dollar pay. Most of the volunteers who come into Vanier get their payment through personal satisfaction out of coming and meeting people here. Also many learn a lot about themselves through their involvement. Good things can happen through sharing. At the moment there are about 60 volunteers coming into Vanier in a structured way. Ingleside members are involved in a number of volunteer activities: Peel Manor, Bo-Beep Nursery, Blood Donor Clinics, and the Elizabeth Fry, Brampton. Also unstructured volunteer activities include: residents helping each other, staff and staff doing extra things for residents that they don't get paid for. Six volunteers come into Vanier once a week as "cottage representatives". They go to all the cottages except Timberlea. Mostly they socialize with residents and try to help any residents with any interest they wish to develop. Three volunteers visit residents on a one-to-one basis. The residents are either people who don't have visitors or people who would like a friend both now and when they get out. Volunteers can take residents out on T.A.P.'s to local activities. When residents wish a volunteer visitor they can ask their cottage supervisor or social worker. Other volunteers are involved in: course on budget design, workshop on writing, tour guide, clothing room at Ingleside, T.A.P. escorts, dental clinic, crafts program, in remand area, visitor on health area, library and secretarial unit. Various volunteer groups and community agencies visit Vanier. Toronto Youth Corps, Fortune Society, Sancta Maria, Salvation Army, Association for Native Development in Performing and Visual Arts and Elizabeth Fry Society from Brampton, Toronto, and Hamilton. A volunteer co-ordinating committee has just started to plan volunteer programs. Its members are staff, residents and members from the street,

Resident reps. = Lana [redacted] - Hon-tiki
 = Pat K [redacted] = Neer [redacted] la
 = Lucy T [redacted] = Invictus

Please pass on ideas and needs to them or cottage reps.

by Priscilla Reeve - Assistant
 to Coordinator of Volunteer
 Programs

My marriage is considered to be an ideal one in the eyes of my parents and all my friends. My husband is a kind, considerate, gentle loving, thoughtful, sincere, undemanding, passionate, trustworthy, hard working, faithful, handsome, compassionate man. He always phones if he's going to be late, never forgets my birthday, is a wonderful father to our children and never looks at another woman. Sometimes I wish he would at least kick the dog because then I wouldn't have to carry all this guilt around with me. You see, I've been going to bed with the milkman, forging checks on my husband's account, slapping our children around, and drinking during the day. I'm almost going out of my mind worrying about Fred finding out. What should I do?

Signed,

Mrs. Elma Ploph.

Dear Mrs. Ploph,

You are obviously going through the "Y" syndrome. This condition is also found in your average household canary and or tribble. Of course the guilt can come from one of many things not mentioned in your letter. The ones you mentioned are too obvious to be true. If you are to be helped, you must refrain from attempting to diagnose your own illness.

I believe your husband is suffering a mild case of demential-wilnot and therefore needs a lot of understanding from you. Before you can help him though, you must realize that you have never done anything wrong. This is very important if you are to build an honest relationship. All those guilt feelings are merely a result of last week's meat loaf or not enough sleep.

Be realistic, above all, and realize that your husband needs you now more than ever. So do your children?

Sincerely,

Dr. Right.

Dear Dr. Right,

My wife weighs 84 pounds, has abscess on both arms, acts spaced out all the time and butts her cigarettos out on my chest at night in bed. What is wrong with her?

Signed,

Impotent.

Dear Impotent,

Has she been acting strange lately? You didn't give me much information to go one but if you care to write me a more detailed letter I will attempt to help you deal with your problem, if any.

Sincerely,

Dr. Right.

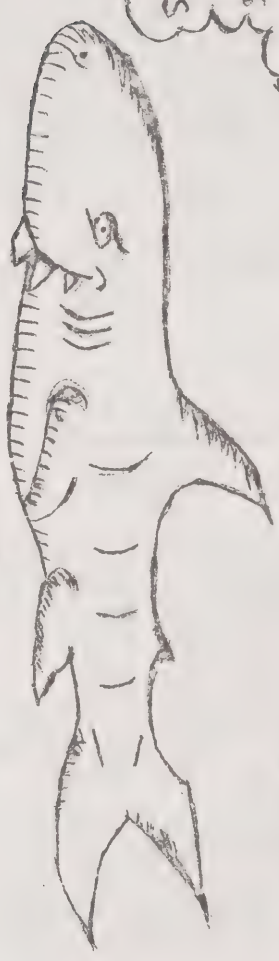
I'VE BEEN WITHOUT HAIR
FOR SO LONG THAT I'VE
FORGOTTEN WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!



MOTHER TOLD ME
THERE WOULD
BE DAYS
LIKE THIS



JOHN FOLBARD



POETRY

(31)

SPRING

SECTION

Yellow flowers, orange and blue, green grass and green leaves
too

Little animals furry and warm are peeking out at the sunlight.

The snow is all melting into rivers and streams,

Leaving this world smelling fresh and clean.

Easter has come and gone, bringing with it a sense of happiness.

Spring is here! Through the cold breezes you can sense the
warmth creeping in.

The robins are starting to sing their cheer up all over;

People are putting away their long winter garments,

And fresh bright colours now decorate the stores.

Spring is here and so is everything that goes with spring;

The smiles, the laughter, the rain and the storms;

The mud puddles and kids.

Spring is such a wonderful time of year, because that is when
everything is reborn.

I love the sights and sounds of spring, don't you?

by Tracy S.

THIS IS HOW 'TIS

The facts are these

I love you

I meant to always be there

Just as I meant to stay away

From the hands of the law

Somehow along the line

The line grew shorter

As the shadows all now grow longer

The need to stay out of trouble

Began to fade, as surely

As the need for you grows stronger

And grows stronger still

Now that you are away

I did not intend to master you

But I wish I'd taken time

To learn more

And fully understand

Wm. Hudson

Submitted by Jeanie M.

William Hudson is now serving time in
Kingston Penitentiary.

WHY ME?

I lost my faith in mankind
 when my eggroll hit the dirt
 and when I reached to pick it up
 some pervert grabbed my skirt.
 I swung with my umbrella
 and hit a kid instead.
 When her mother came at me
 I thought that I was dead.
 As I turned to face her
 my eyes beheld a truck.
 it was heading straight for me
 the one with no damned luck.
 As I lay upon the street
 with blood upon my face,
 I cursed the world for everything
 that brought me to this place.
 As I arose as shakily
 to make my way back home
 a dog ran up and bit me
 I stabbed him with my comb.
 Finally I began my trek
 I felt like Gertie Gloom
 but I slipped upon my egg roll.
 Is this a rubber room?

Vicki J.

The first and quickest step to take,
 for any person who wants to win the
 title of the Pest, is to become the ear
 of the head of the office. Run with
 juicy bits of gossip!

Darkness circles.
Sunlight shines.
Morning brings.
Earth talks.
Two-legs walk.
I enjoy.

Rain grows.
Clouds smile.
Trees whisper.
Rivers flow.
Grass bends.
I enjoy.

Being blind from the shine.
Smiling because the day is fine.
Walking and talking round and round.
Caressing, over the uneven ground.
I enjoy.
The smiling face that send the drops.
The growing straightness of the crops.
Trees and grass whisper hello, when bent.
A mighty swirl of the water current.
I miss.
I miss.
I miss and enjoy.

Submitted by

Sue H.

WISHING ON A DREAM

Yellow raspberries growing ten feet tall
Giant dinosaurs doing nothing at all
Riding giraffes and a rainbow's beam
We're only wishing upon a dream.

A purple haze that ignites the sea
With inviting explosions surrounding me
A timid gratitude and peaceful solitude
Keeps me wishing upon a dream.

Submitted by

Bob Lapp



DRIFT ON

Drift on, forgotten friends of mine
Drift on the endless winds of time
My childhood now is long since done
I'm looking for my ray of sun



I'm wiser now. I don't need you
I have myself to see it through
The tears are gone, I'm doing fine
Drift on, oh useless friends of mine

Deb C. '75



(36)

"SKIPPY"

My heart is not inside of my being
it is someplace else
It skips from one place to another
it beats too fast
Come on, heart, get back where you belong
stop walking away
Please stay where you know it's best for you
don't play today
Listen, cruel one, you'll learn too late
to appreciate
You say you like to leap and jump
tumpity thump
O please, heartless of all hearts,
go back in place
Go on then, stray if you must
but come on in again!



SUE H.

WHO KNOWS?

Inside, outside, wherever one looks
Is the scheming mind of an innocent crook
He never did it, it must've been the other
Perhaps it was the man, who is undercover
Just an ace, can be called a spade
Your fingerprints were there, engraved
So let's face whatever, wherever we go
Then, walk tall, for we shall grow
Into better ones
than
before.

SUE H.

(27)

IMPRESSIONS OF INGLESIDE

It's strange how people tend to distort situations. I never realized that until I came here. In past years I was not a member of the select elite to come to Ingleside and everything I'd heard was from girls returning to the complex or back dated many months by people who had been here.

Physically, Ingleside is much different from any of the cottages. It has two wings; a fully equipped kitchen, a basement, stereo and pool table. Every girl's program is individually geared for her needs.

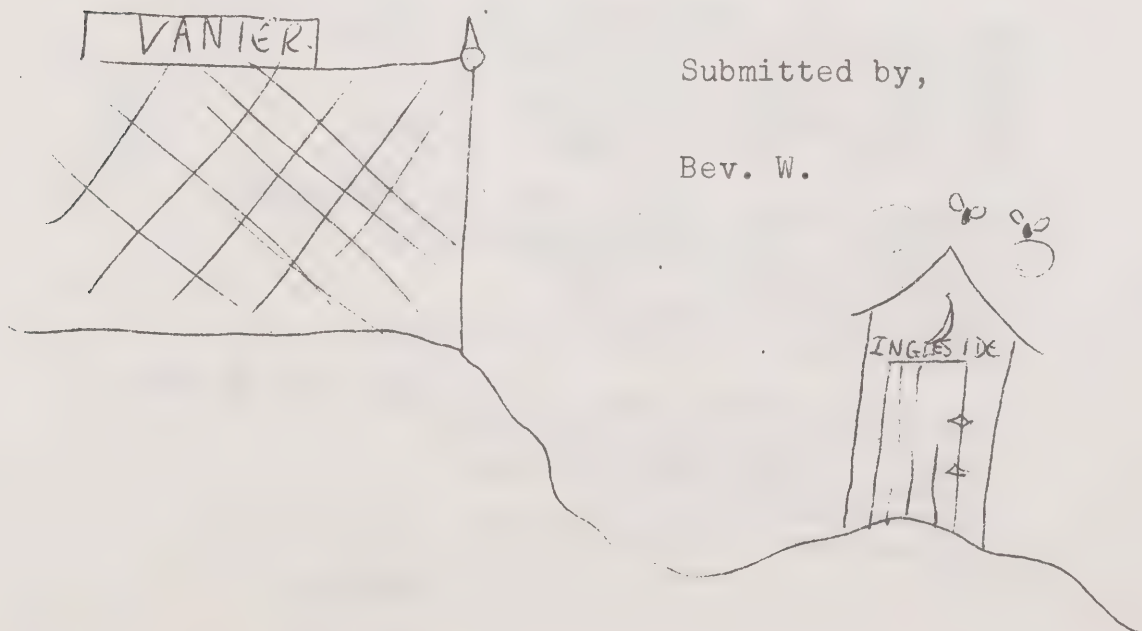
Some girls work in the community, some don't. There is an atmosphere of freedom here - the outside doors are locked only after dark and for our protection; our room doors are not locked at night.

If our house duties are done we can go outside; we plan the meals and order the food. We have appointed representatives for kitchen, crafts, tap's, and work assignments.

We can go into the community as volunteers at Peel Manor, Bo Peep (retarded children) and to the YMCA to swim. Life here is very relaxed and residents are encouraged to become personally responsible for themselves.

We have two house meetings a week in order to deal with the management of the cottage. Generally there is little tension and we interact very well as a group. There is a definite period of adjustment and acceptance.

It takes a few days to adjust to total group thinking. I wanted to share these thoughts with you because before I came here, I felt that life over here was a lot different than it is. Keep the faith and work towards being here. You'll dig it!



Submitted by,

Bev. W.

THE COMING OF A GOD

A love affair goes on
 Every time he steps on stage.
 His hair and clothes are in the style
 He knows is all the rage.
 And when he touches his guitar
 Twin sparks leap from his hands
 His name is God and he plays bass
 In a top chart, hard rock band.

In every town he comes to play
 The girls all love his style.
 The way he moves when he's on stage
 Can make him grow a mile.
 They'd give their very lives and souls
 To touch him as he stands.
 His name is God and he plays bass
 In a top chart, hard rock band.

He started out, as many do
 With a second-hand guitar,
 He fought and worked hard for the day
 He'd be a superstar.
 His name became a household word
 To kids throughout the land.
 His name is God and he plays bass
 In a top-chart, hard rock band.

Deb C.

The light of our love is the light of my life
 I am sheltered by it from the storm
 The harsh wind may blow
 The dark clouds may gather
 But still, in your arms, I am warm.

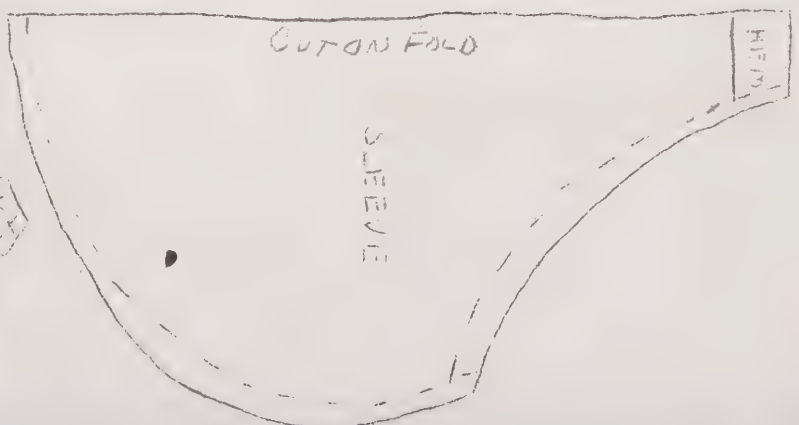
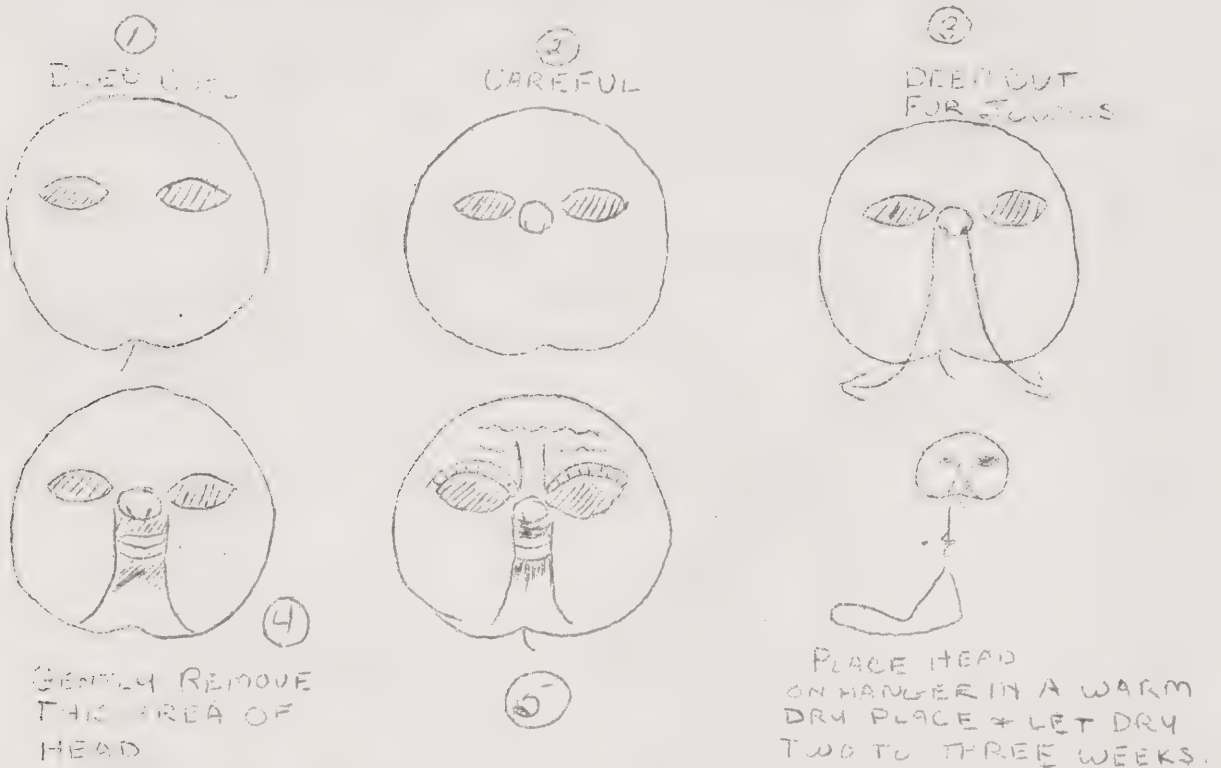
The joy of our love is the joy of my life
 No longer can sorrow approach me.
 Though raindrops of grief
 May fall all around us
 My eyes are not blind, I can see.

The peace of our love is the peace of my life
 A Quiet I can feel every day
 My life would mean nothing
 It's worth not at all
 If ever you took love away.

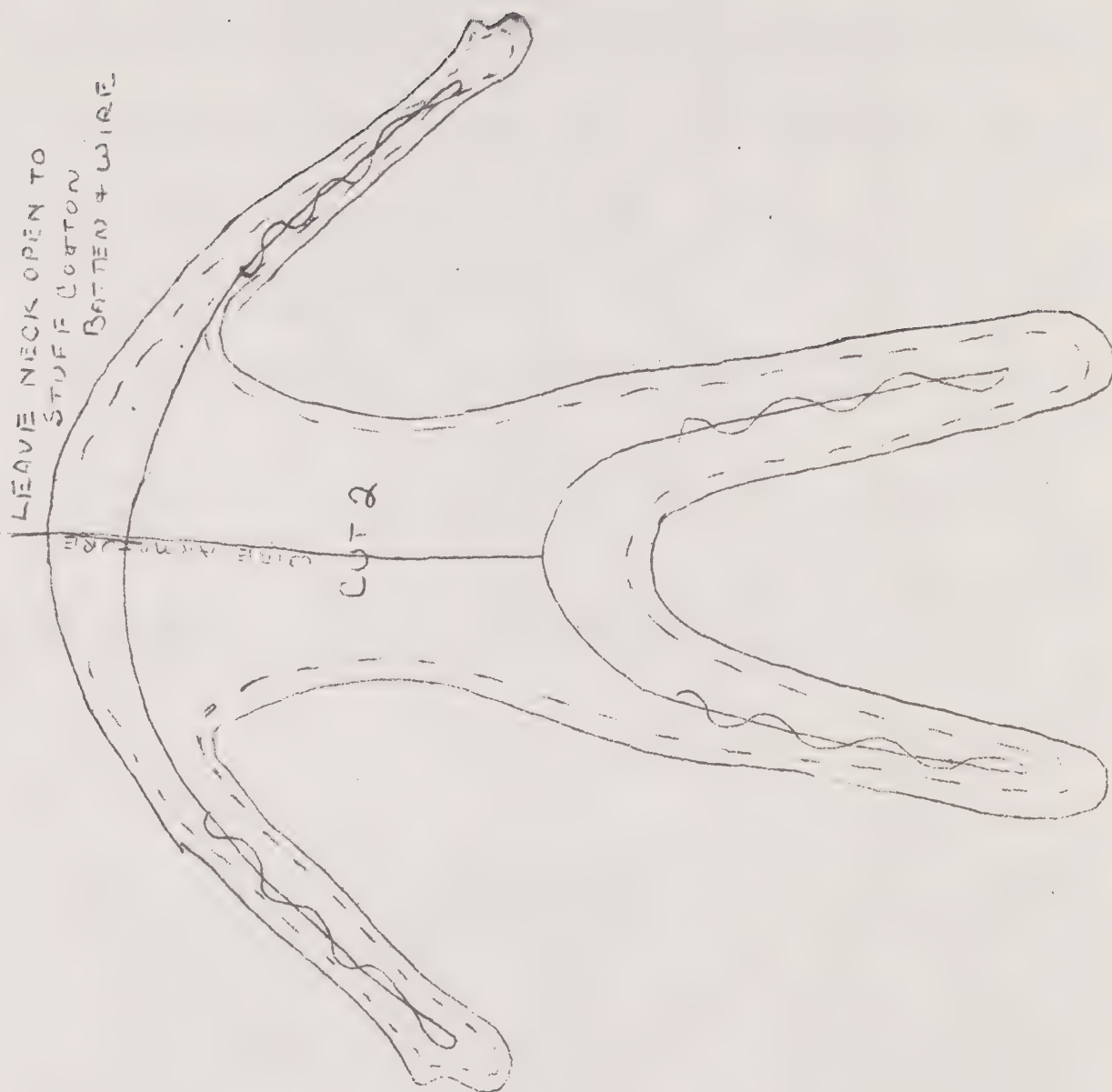
Deb C.

APPLE GANNIES

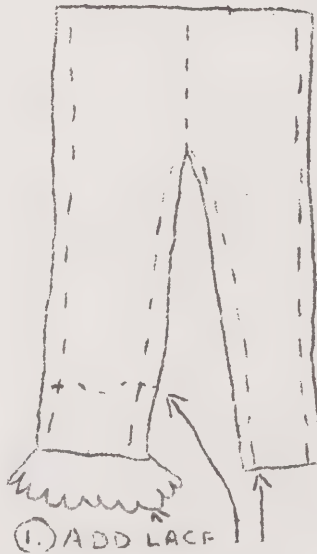
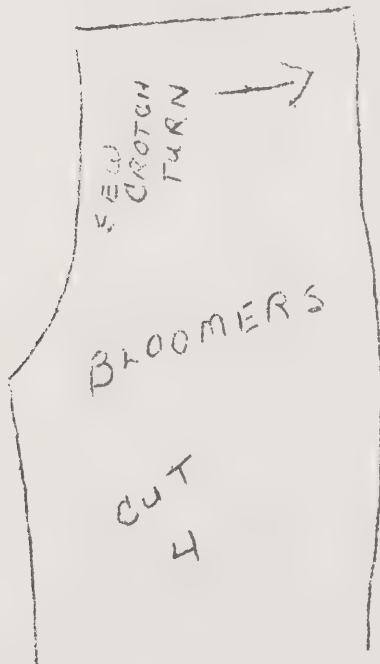
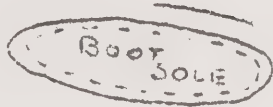
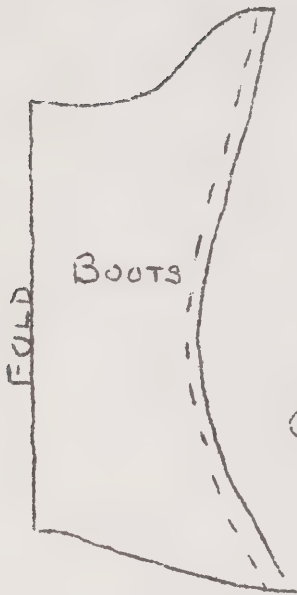
- 1) Start with a fresh apple with no flaws.
- 2) Peel and smooth surface of apple (the head).
- 3) The part of the apple with the 'stem' would be the bottom of your work.
- 4) Remember "deep" sure cuts will give your head the character you are trying for.
- 5) Begin carving. The darkened areas in illustration are gently eased away from head.
- 6) Large beads can be used in eye sockets for eyes.
- 7) Cotton batting and straight pins are used for hair.



THE BODY



SHOES



(1) ADD LACE

SKIRTS SHOULD BE ABOUT
8" x 24". THIS SHOULD
VARY ACCORDING TO
FABRIC USED.

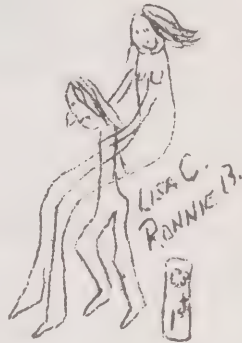


*S P O R T S ** A T * V A N I E R*

The weekend was fun and games for most residents in Vanier. Saturday afternoon residents from Invictus and Kon-Tiki played a game of baseball. Two captains were chosen by other residents interested in playing ball.

The line-up was:

Catcher	- *Ronnie B.	- *Terry G.
Pitcher	- *Diane P.	- *Dani L.
1st Base	- *Janet M.	- *Elsie C.
2nd Base	- *Faye F.	- *Sue H.
3rd Base	- *Billy M.	- *Sherry H.
Short Stop	- *Lisa C.	- *Nancy
Left Field	- *Vicki A.	- *Lucy T.
Centre Field	- *Tracy S.	- *Rose C.
Right Field	- *Jean M.	- *Wilma M.



After three innings, the "Big D's" won by a score of 14 to 10. Ronnie B. hit two home runs, bringing in two runs. Good show Ronnie. The time element for the ball games wasn't enough. The game got started at 2:45 and had to end at 4:15 which wasn't long enough to play a seven inning game. These two teams really showed team spirit. Good Luck teams in the future.

Saturday night after the ballgame the four cottages enjoyed a Bar B.Q. of hamburgers - both turned out successful.

Sunday afternoon was a nice hot day and the three cottages got together and went on a scavenger hunt for peanuts. Each team had five hunters, or at least were supposed to. One team was short two hunters. We all met in the Activities Building, and chose a team captain. Lisa C. was Captain of one team, Josie was captain of another, and Wilma Mc. of another.

The three teams then took to the grounds and started their hunt. Lisa's team barked like dogs. Josie's team like cats, and Wilma's team like Ducks. After much laughing, barking, meowing and quacking, the peanuts were found. One team used a decoy and fooled the other teams by representing their animals and having members of the other two teams run to their stash to find there were no peanuts. The four pounds of peanuts that Linda B. planted were soon found. Josie's team found 225, Lisa's found 209 and Wilma's team found 125.

Sunday night everyone appeared over at the gym for a game of Bingo.

Monday there was track and field held at 1:30. Residents of Kon-Tiki, Invictus and Hochi got together and had a track and field day. The weather was good and the competition started with much laughter and high spirits. Lucy T. proved what a good athlete she

was, winning "Athelete of the Day" award. Spectators enjoyed the event, the team spirit was really great and the day ended with no casualties. Twelve residents entered the races and all won at least two ribbons. Lucy showed what she could do and took a lot of kidding about it. Ronnie B. really showed how good she was and took ribbons in nine races. Great showing Ronnie nice to see you doing great.

The events consisted of 1) Newspaper Race. 2) Ping Pong race. 3) Cracker race. 4) Bucket race. 5) Three Legged race. 6) Spoon race. 7) Wheel Barrel race. 8) Sack race. 9) Fifty yard dash. 10) Relay race. 11) Softball throw. 12) Piggy back race.

Points for each race were: 1st - 15
2nd - 10
3rd - 5

The 12 residents with the highest points were as follows:

Lucy T.	125*pts*
Ronnie B.	105*pts*
Barb G.	55*pts*
Lisa C.	50*pts*
Dianne P.	50*pts*
Wilma M.	45*pts*
Jean W.	55*pts*
Tracy S.	30*pts*
Janet M.	45*pts*
Gloria Y.	30*pts*
Rose C.	25*pts*
Dani L.	15*pts*

The athelete of the day was Lucy T. with 125 points. Great to see you doing so well Lucy. Ronnie B. is to be congratulated for placing second. Little people with great stamina Ronnie.

See You Next Month

Bette B.

Happiness Fudge

2 cups Love
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. understanding
1 tsp. understanding

2 cups happiness

Mix the 2 cups of Love in the blenders, add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. of understanding and mix well with the 2 cups of Love. Add the 1 tsp. of patience last and mix Love and Understanding until it is light and fluffy. Add 2 cups Happiness. Let stand until Love, Understanding, and Patience are firmly together.

Flaky Pie Crust

2 cups flour
2 tbsp. hot water
Mix

1 cup shortening

Mix flour and shortening till creamy. Roll out and Place on 8" pie plate. Fill with Love

Honey Donuts

2 cups Tender Loving Care
1 tsp. cream of tartre. (substitute cream of tarter for 1 tsp. Happiness

1 cup gladness

Mix at high speed until a thick paste. Now add love

"Bette's Anti-Muccus Tea"

4-6 cups boiling water
6 whole onions (skins left on)
1 unpeeled Lemon

Boil water, add 6 tea bags. Drink while still boiling.
(UGH)

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Bannock (Indian Bread)

2 cups sifted all purpose flour
 3 tsp. baking soda
 1 tsp. aslt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water

Sift flour, shortening, and salt. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles course bread crumbs. Add water and mix quickly to a soft dough. Turn dough out on floured board, knead lightly 30 seconds and put into 2" round. Cook in lightly creased frypan over medium heat until brown (about 15 minutes per slice) or place on greased cookie sheet and bake for 30 minutes at 450°F. Serve Warm.

German Punsh (Schneeschipper Punch)

(A schneeschipper is a snowsweeper)

1 bottle red wine
 1 bottle white wine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle brandy
 1 cup water
 8oz. (1 cup) sugar
 3 cloves
 small piece of cinnamon
 1 spiral each orange and lemon peel

Bring the water, sugar, cloves, and cinnamon and peel to a gettle boil. Lower the heat (simmer for 5 minutes). Add the wines and brandy. Beat gently until white foam forms. Serve andppour into glass while still hot.

WILDERNESS FOOD

Inine-Jishba (stuffed duck)

Tribe- Mohawk

Source- Sarah Benidict Akwessne Indian Land
 Cornwall Island

4 wild black ducks (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ sbs. each) or 1 big domestic duck (of appr) 5 lbs.

con't nest page

Stuffing

all the duck giblets
 1/3 lb. mushrooms, chopped
 8 crab apples (wild apples) or 4 green ones, remove the core
 but don't peel them. Slice them thinly
 12/3 cups of raisins or grapes (dried or fresh) cut in half
 2 cups wild hazelnuts
 1 teaspoon of vegetable salt, or coltsfoot leaves salt

Basting sauce

3 cups of alcoholic apple cider or 6 oz. of Calvados

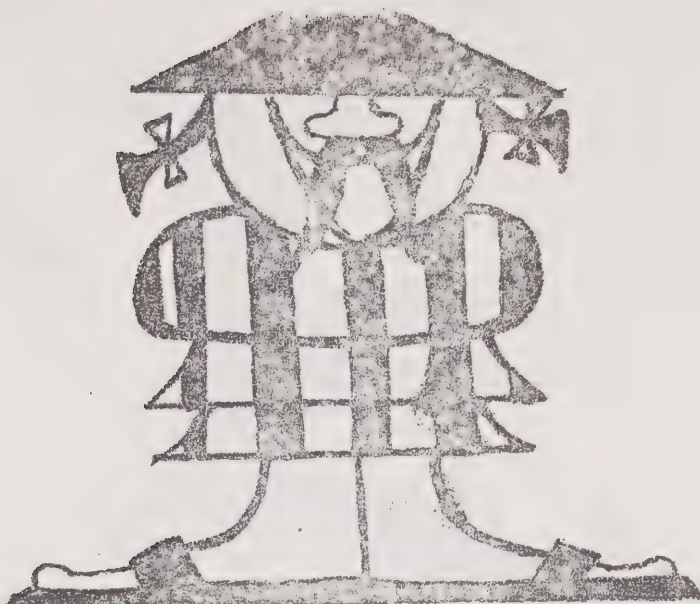
Simmer the duck giblet for 30 minutes and remove them but reserve 1/3 cups cooking liquid. Cut the giblets into thin slices to make the stuffing. Mix them with the cooking liquid and all the other stuffing ingredients. Stuff the bird cavity with the mixture and sew it up carefully.

Place in the oven at 400°f for one hour. Baste the bird every 30 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°f and roast 2 more hours basting with the cider every 30 minutes.

Happiness is where you find it. Be it in the bedroom or the kitchen. No matter where your happiness is make peace and contentment with it and have a happy month.

Bette B.

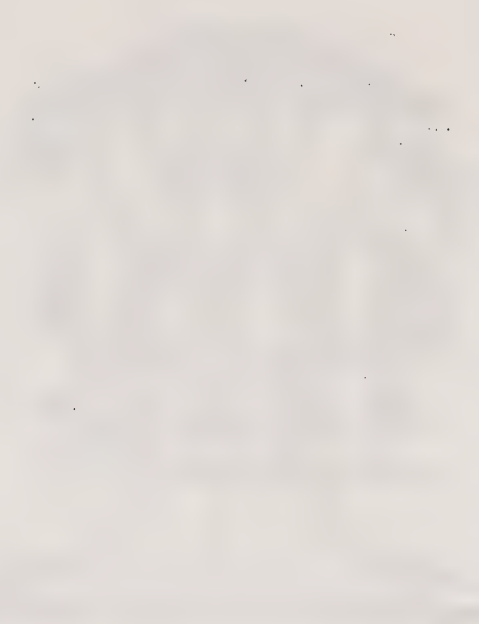




JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

ମାଲକିଆ



ନାମ	ପିତା	ମାତା	ବିବାହ	ମୃତ୍ୟୁ	ଅନ୍ୟ	ଟିପ୍ପଣୀ
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AUGUST

SUN.	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

Doyle S

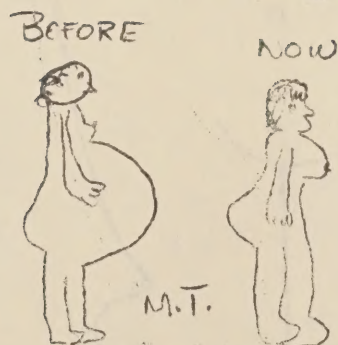


THEY

We all wish Mary T. of
COTTAGE 2 ALL THE VERY
BEST WHEN SHE LEAVES US
MONDAY JULY 7th/75. We will
all really miss her around
the complex. AND ALL
THE BEST TO ANYONE
ELSE WHO IS DEPARTING
FROM US IN JULY. WE
HOPE NONE OF YOU WILL
EVER BE BACK.

LOTS OF LOVE.

CASI A + SUE H.
Barb S + Bette B.



LOVE IS...



...TRYING TO COPE WITH EVERYDAY
HASSELS "TOGETHER" IN VANIER RESORT!

By M. P. Mac